





whole bunches of berries and ruin later picking. He will skip half-ripe berries and pick plenty of the ones; he has not the light touch needed to pick a berry without injury to its delicate outer coating, and his fingers are a constant witness to his fitness.

Children have plenty of ardor, but little perseverance and strength. Even the most energetic of them will prefer most any other form of exercise to berry-picking. I remember one who said he would







## WHEAT.

The receipts of wheat in this market the past week amounted to 80,873 bu., against 187,085 bu. the previous week and 107,185 bu. for corresponding week in 1884. Shipments for the week were 34,233 bu. The stocks of wheat now held in this city amount to 1,123,643 bu., against 1,094,172 last week and 723,558 bu. at the corresponding date in 1884. The visible supply of this grain on March 7 was 43,635,570 bu., against 43,493,883 the previous week, and 30,549,883 bu. at corresponding date in 1884. This shows an increase over the amount in sight the previous week of 192,657 bu. The export clearances for Europe for the week ending March 7 were 455,181 bu., against 817,150 the previous week, and for the last eight weeks they were 6,591,614 bu. against 6,157,443 for the corresponding eight weeks in 1884.

There has been more interest manifested in the wheat market the past week than for some time. Early in the week the news from abroad was strongly indicative of hostilities between Great Britain and Russia over the irrepressible "eastern question," and wheat began to advance in consequence. By Thursday No. 1 white had advanced to 90c, and No. 2 red to 89c. Futures were advanced to an equal degree, with quite an active movement of stock. Later reports were of a less warlike character, and values declined about as quickly as they had advanced, closing on Saturday at about the same range as on the previous week. Yesterday this market was active at the opening, advancing a few points, then declining under unfavorable reports from other markets, and finally closing at a slight decline from Saturday's prices. No. 1 white sold up to 89c, but finally closed at 87c. Sales were 40 cars of spot, and 55,000 bu. of futures. The Chicago market was strong at the opening, with considerable trading, but later weakened and closed at Saturday's prices. No. 2 red spot sold at 77c, and No. 3 do. at 71c. Toledo was quiet and weak, with No. 2 red at 77c, and No. 3 soft at 86c per bu. Liverpool was reported quiet with a poor demand for both wheat and corn.

The following table exhibits the daily closing prices of wheat from March 2 to March 16:

	No. 1	No. 2	No. 3
Mar. 2	85 1/2	84 1/2	83 1/2
3	85 1/2	84 1/2	83 1/2
4	85 1/2	84 1/2	83 1/2
5	85 1/2	84 1/2	83 1/2
6	85 1/2	84 1/2	83 1/2
7	85 1/2	84 1/2	83 1/2
8	85 1/2	84 1/2	83 1/2
9	85 1/2	84 1/2	83 1/2
10	85 1/2	84 1/2	83 1/2
11	85 1/2	84 1/2	83 1/2
12	85 1/2	84 1/2	83 1/2
13	85 1/2	84 1/2	83 1/2
14	85 1/2	84 1/2	83 1/2
15	85 1/2	84 1/2	83 1/2
16	85 1/2	84 1/2	83 1/2

The following statement gives the closing figures on No. 1 white each day of the past week for the various dates:

	March	April	May
Tuesday	85 1/2	84 1/2	83 1/2
Wednesday	85 1/2	84 1/2	83 1/2
Thursday	85 1/2	84 1/2	83 1/2
Friday	85 1/2	84 1/2	83 1/2
Saturday	85 1/2	84 1/2	83 1/2
Sunday	85 1/2	84 1/2	83 1/2

For No. 2 red the closing prices on the various dates each day of the past week were as follows:

	March	April	May
Tuesday	77 1/2	76 1/2	75 1/2
Wednesday	77 1/2	76 1/2	75 1/2
Thursday	77 1/2	76 1/2	75 1/2
Friday	77 1/2	76 1/2	75 1/2
Saturday	77 1/2	76 1/2	75 1/2
Sunday	77 1/2	76 1/2	75 1/2

The change in the tone of the foreign dispatches relative to the chances of a war between Great Britain and Russia, appears to have taken the interest out of the market; but the solution of the Afghan frontier question has not yet been achieved; and it is noticeable that both countries are actively engaged in preparing to reinforce their garrisons on the Afghan frontier, the gateway to India. It is not likely that anything more will be done till each country has got its forces in position, when the dispute will assume a new phase. The outcome will depend upon Russia, as she is the aggressor, the British being quite satisfied with the present position of affairs and only anxious to be "let alone." If the British had annihilated El Mahdi and his legions, the Russians would not have pushed their lines beyond the Afghan frontier. It is evident the war does not regard Gladstone as a man to be feared, and thinks the present a favorable time to assault the British in the most vulnerable point—their Indian possessions; still, the present activity of the British war department may change his opinions and lead to a peaceful solution of the question at issue. Evidently Europeans do not regard war as imminent, as beyond causing a momentary flurry in the money market, there has been no other result apparent. The foreign markets are all dull or very quiet, with values far from strong.

The following table shows the prices ruling at Liverpool on Monday last, as compared with those of one week previous:

	March 16	March 9
Hour, extra State	10s. 0 d.	10s. 0 d.
Week No. 1 white	7s. 9 d.	7s. 9 d.
do No. 2 white	7s. 11 d.	7s. 11 d.
do No. 3 white	7s. 11 d.	7s. 11 d.
do No. 4 white	7s. 11 d.	7s. 11 d.
do No. 5 white	7s. 11 d.	7s. 11 d.
do No. 6 white	7s. 11 d.	7s. 11 d.
do No. 7 white	7s. 11 d.	7s. 11 d.
do No. 8 white	7s. 11 d.	7s. 11 d.
do No. 9 white	7s. 11 d.	7s. 11 d.
do No. 10 white	7s. 11 d.	7s. 11 d.
do No. 11 white	7s. 11 d.	7s. 11 d.
do No. 12 white	7s. 11 d.	7s. 11 d.
do No. 13 white	7s. 11 d.	7s. 11 d.
do No. 14 white	7s. 11 d.	7s. 11 d.
do No. 15 white	7s. 11 d.	7s. 11 d.
do No. 16 white	7s. 11 d.	7s. 11 d.
do No. 17 white	7s. 11 d.	7s. 11 d.
do No. 18 white	7s. 11 d.	7s. 11 d.
do No. 19 white	7s. 11 d.	7s. 11 d.
do No. 20 white	7s. 11 d.	7s. 11 d.
do No. 21 white	7s. 11 d.	7s. 11 d.
do No. 22 white	7s. 11 d.	7s. 11 d.
do No. 23 white	7s. 11 d.	7s. 11 d.
do No. 24 white	7s. 11 d.	7s. 11 d.
do No. 25 white	7s. 11 d.	7s. 11 d.
do No. 26 white	7s. 11 d.	7s. 11 d.
do No. 27 white	7s. 11 d.	7s. 11 d.
do No. 28 white	7s. 11 d.	7s. 11 d.
do No. 29 white	7s. 11 d.	7s. 11 d.
do No. 30 white	7s. 11 d.	7s. 11 d.
do No. 31 white	7s. 11 d.	7s. 11 d.
do No. 32 white	7s. 11 d.	7s. 11 d.
do No. 33 white	7s. 11 d.	7s. 11 d.
do No. 34 white	7s. 11 d.	7s. 11 d.
do No. 35 white	7s. 11 d.	7s. 11 d.
do No. 36 white	7s. 11 d.	7s. 11 d.
do No. 37 white	7s. 11 d.	7s. 11 d.
do No. 38 white	7s. 11 d.	7s. 11 d.
do No. 39 white	7s. 11 d.	7s. 11 d.
do No. 40 white	7s. 11 d.	7s. 11 d.
do No. 41 white	7s. 11 d.	7s. 11 d.
do No. 42 white	7s. 11 d.	7s. 11 d.
do No. 43 white	7s. 11 d.	7s. 11 d.
do No. 44 white	7s. 11 d.	7s. 11 d.
do No. 45 white	7s. 11 d.	7s. 11 d.
do No. 46 white	7s. 11 d.	7s. 11 d.
do No. 47 white	7s. 11 d.	7s. 11 d.
do No. 48 white	7s. 11 d.	7s. 11 d.
do No. 49 white	7s. 11 d.	7s. 11 d.
do No. 50 white	7s. 11 d.	7s. 11 d.
do No. 51 white	7s. 11 d.	7s. 11 d.
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do No. 53 white	7s. 11 d.	7s. 11 d.
do No. 54 white	7s. 11 d.	7s. 11 d.
do No. 55 white	7s. 11 d.	7s. 11 d.
do No. 56 white	7s. 11 d.	7s. 11 d.
do No. 57 white	7s. 11 d.	7s. 11 d.
do No. 58 white	7s. 11 d.	7s. 11 d.
do No. 59 white	7s. 11 d.	7s. 11 d.
do No. 60 white	7s. 11 d.	7s. 11 d.
do No. 61 white	7s. 11 d.	7s. 11 d.
do No. 62 white	7s. 11 d.	7s. 11 d.
do No. 63 white	7s. 11 d.	7s. 11 d.
do No. 64 white	7s. 11 d.	7s. 11 d.
do No. 65 white	7s. 11 d.	7s. 11 d.
do No. 66 white	7s. 11 d.	7s. 11 d.
do No. 67 white	7s. 11 d.	7s. 11 d.
do No. 68 white	7s. 11 d.	7s. 11 d.
do No. 69 white	7s. 11 d.	7s. 11 d.
do No. 70 white	7s. 11 d.	7s. 11 d.
do No. 71 white	7s. 11 d.	7s. 11 d.
do No. 72 white	7s. 11 d.	7s. 11 d.
do No. 73 white	7s. 11 d.	7s. 11 d.
do No. 74 white	7s. 11 d.	7s. 11 d.
do No. 75 white	7s. 11 d.	7s. 11 d.
do No. 76 white	7s. 11 d.	7s. 11 d.
do No. 77 white	7s. 11 d.	7s. 11 d.
do No. 78 white	7s. 11 d.	7s. 11 d.
do No. 79 white	7s. 11 d.	7s. 11 d.
do No. 80 white	7s. 11 d.	7s. 11 d.
do No. 81 white	7s. 11 d.	7s. 11 d.
do No. 82 white	7s. 11 d.	7s. 11 d.
do No. 83 white	7s. 11 d.	7s. 11 d.
do No. 84 white	7s. 11 d.	7s. 11 d.
do No. 85 white	7s. 11 d.	7s. 11 d.
do No. 86 white	7s. 11 d.	7s. 11 d.
do No. 87 white	7s. 11 d.	7s. 11 d.
do No. 88 white	7s. 11 d.	7s. 11 d.
do No. 89 white	7s. 11 d.	7s. 11 d.
do No. 90 white	7s. 11 d.	7s. 11 d.
do No. 91 white	7s. 11 d.	7s. 11 d.
do No. 92 white	7s. 11 d.	7s. 11 d.
do No. 93 white	7s. 11 d.	7s. 11 d.
do No. 94 white	7s. 11 d.	7s. 11 d.
do No. 95 white	7s. 11 d.	7s. 11 d.
do No. 96 white	7s. 11 d.	7s. 11 d.
do No. 97 white	7s. 11 d.	7s. 11 d.
do No. 98 white	7s. 11 d.	7s. 11 d.
do No. 99 white	7s. 11 d.	7s. 11 d.
do No. 100 white	7s. 11 d.	7s. 11 d.

## CORN AND OATS.

The receipts of corn in this market the past week were 81,804 bu., against 124,555 bu. the previous week, and 55,874 bu. for corresponding week in 1884. Shipments were 34,233 bu. The visible supply of this country on March 7 amounted to 7,387,869 bu., against 6,506,458 bu. the previous week, and 14,159,098 bu. at the same date last year. The visible supply shows an increase during the week of 881,411 bu. The exports for Europe the past week were 1,439,063 bu., against 1,061,304 bu. the previous week, and for the past eight weeks 13,435,327 bu., against 5,043,873 bu. for the corresponding period in 1884. The stocks now held in this city amount to 40,647 bu., against 36,037 bu. last week and 143,440 bu. at the corresponding date in 1884. During the greater part of the week corn showed considerable steadiness, but at the close there was a weaker tone in sympathy with lower wheat values, and prices are a shade lower than a week ago. Exports are heavy, stocks light, and it is singular the market does not show more strength. No. 2 is selling here at 42c per bu., and new mixed at 45c. April and May deliveries of No. 2 are quoted at 44c per bu. At Chicago the market is weak and unsettled, but quotations are slightly higher than a week ago. Quotations in that market were 34 1/4c for No. 2, 34c for No. 3, 33c for No. 4, 32c for No. 5, 31c for No. 6, 30c for No. 7, 29c for No. 8, 28c for No. 9, 27c for No. 10, 26c for No. 11, 25c for No. 12, 24c for No. 13, 23c for No. 14, 22c for No. 15, 21c for No. 16, 20c for No. 17, 19c for No. 18, 18c for No. 19, 17c for No. 20, 16c for No. 21, 15c for No. 22, 14c for No. 23, 13c for No. 24, 12c for No. 25, 11c for No. 26, 10c for No. 27, 9c for No. 28, 8c for No. 29, 7c for No. 30, 6c for No. 31, 5c for No. 32, 4c for No. 33, 3c for No. 34, 2c for No. 35, 1c for No. 36, 0c for No. 37, 0c for No. 38, 0c for No. 39, 0c for No. 40, 0c for No. 41, 0c for No. 42, 0c for No. 43, 0c for No. 44, 0c for No. 45, 0c for No. 46, 0c for No. 47, 0c for No. 48, 0c for No. 49, 0c for No. 50, 0c for No. 51, 0c for No. 52, 0c for No. 53, 0c for No. 54, 0c for No. 55, 0c for No. 56, 0c for No. 57, 0c for No. 58, 0c for No. 59, 0c for No. 60, 0c for No. 61, 0c for No. 62, 0c for No. 63, 0c for No. 64, 0c for No. 65, 0c for No. 66, 0c for No. 67, 0c for No. 68, 0c for No. 69, 0c for No. 70, 0c for No. 71, 0c for No. 72, 0c for No. 73, 0c for No. 74, 0c for No. 75, 0c for No. 76, 0c for No. 77, 0c for No. 78, 0c for No. 79, 0c for No. 80, 0c for No. 81, 0c for No. 82, 0c for No. 83, 0c for No. 84, 0c for No. 85, 0c for No. 86, 0c for No. 87, 0c for No. 88, 0c for No. 89, 0c for No. 90, 0c for No. 91, 0c for No. 92, 0c for No. 93, 0c for No. 94, 0c for No. 95, 0c for No. 96, 0c for No. 97, 0c for No. 98, 0c for No. 99, 0c for No. 100.

The receipts of oats in this market the past week were 21,795 bu., against 33,902 bu. the previous week, and 13,945 bu. for the corresponding week in 1884. The shipments were 11,694 bu. The visible supply of this grain on March 7 was 2,931,454 bu., against 5,101,399 bu. at the corresponding date in 1884. Stocks in this city on Monday amounted to 30,583 bu., against 32,925 bu. the previous week, and 31,240 bu. at the corresponding date in 1884. The exports for Europe the past week were 550,016 bu., against 1,499 bu. for the corresponding week in 1884. The visible supply shows an increase of 124,567 bu. during the week. Quiet and unchanged is about the condition of this market. Prices are about the same as a week ago. No. 2 white selling at 34c per bu., No. 3 mixed at 33c, No. 4 mixed at 32c, No. 5 mixed at 31c, No. 6 mixed at 30c, No. 7 mixed at 29c, No. 8 mixed at 28c, No. 9 mixed at 27c, No. 10 mixed at 26c, No. 11 mixed at 25c, No. 12 mixed at 24c, No. 13 mixed at 23c, No. 14 mixed at 22c, No. 15 mixed at 21c, No. 16 mixed at 20c, No. 17 mixed at 19c, No. 18 mixed at 18c, No. 19 mixed at 17c, No. 20 mixed at 16c, No. 21 mixed at 15c, No. 22 mixed at 14c, No. 23 mixed at 13c, No. 24 mixed at 12c, No. 25 mixed at 11c, No. 26 mixed at 10c, No. 27 mixed at 9c, No. 28 mixed at 8c, No. 29 mixed at 7c, No. 30 mixed at 6c, No. 31 mixed at 5c, No. 32 mixed at 4c, No. 33 mixed at 3c, No. 34 mixed at 2c, No. 35 mixed at 1c, No. 36 mixed at 0c, No. 37 mixed at 0c, No. 38 mixed at 0c, No. 39 mixed at 0c, No. 40 mixed at 0c, No. 41 mixed at 0c, No. 42 mixed at 0c, No. 43 mixed at 0c, No. 44 mixed at 0c, No. 45 mixed at 0c, No. 46 mixed at 0c, No. 47 mixed at 0c, No. 48 mixed at 0c, No. 49 mixed at 0c, No. 50 mixed at 0c, No. 51 mixed at 0c, No. 52 mixed at 0c, No. 53 mixed at 0c, No. 54 mixed at 0c, No. 55 mixed at 0c, No. 56 mixed at 0c, No. 57 mixed at 0c, No. 58 mixed at 0c, No. 59 mixed at 0c, No. 60 mixed at 0c, No. 61 mixed at 0c, No. 62 mixed at 0c, No. 63 mixed at 0c, No. 64 mixed at 0c, No. 65 mixed at 0c, No. 66 mixed at 0c, No. 67 mixed at 0c, No. 68 mixed at 0c, No. 69 mixed at 0c, No. 70 mixed at 0c, No. 71 mixed at 0c, No. 72 mixed at 0c, No. 73 mixed at 0c, No. 74 mixed at 0c, No. 75 mixed at 0c, No. 76 mixed at 0c, No. 77 mixed at 0c, No. 78 mixed at 0c, No. 79 mixed at 0c, No. 80 mixed at 0c, No. 81 mixed at 0c, No. 82 mixed at 0c, No. 83 mixed at 0c, No. 84 mixed at 0c, No. 85 mixed at 0c, No. 86 mixed at 0c, No. 87 mixed at 0c, No. 88 mixed at 0c, No. 89 mixed at 0c, No. 90 mixed at 0c, No. 91 mixed at 0c, No. 92 mixed at 0c, No. 93 mixed at 0c, No. 94 mixed at 0c, No. 95 mixed at 0c, No. 96 mixed at 0c, No. 97 mixed at 0c, No. 98 mixed at 0c, No. 99 mixed at 0c, No. 100 mixed at 0c.

## DAIRY PRODUCTS.

There is not a single point in which the butter market has improved during the week. Receipts have been unusually large, and at the same time of miserable quality. This has caused a demand for creamery butter that cannot be met, and it rules very firm at 28c per lb., while the ordinary receipts are not wanted at more than 15c per lb. The bulk of the butter being received is mixed stock, old and fresh made, good and bad, all mixed together, and making a compound that would satisfy the craving of an Esquimaux for whale oil or seal fat. Considerable butter is being sold at 10c per lb., and grease at 6c. The Chicago market is somewhat demoralized, and with stocks accumulating values are tending downwards. Demands are confined largely to local requirements, as the eastern markets have dropped below a point which would allow shipments. Quotations there are as follows: Fancy creamery, 30c; fair to good, 28c; creamery dairy, 25c; 24c; fair to good, 17c; 20c; common grades, 12c; 15c; packing stock, 8c. The New York market is also in an unsatisfactory condition, with prices working downwards. The *Daily Bulletin* says of the market:

"We find no improvement in tone on the general market, and if it is possible to find a better tone, it is only in the time past, that is the change. There is of course some trading going on and receivers with choice and fancy goods catch the business, but the supply so exceeds present requirements that buyers have about all the advantage, and under the 'go as you please' manner of selling it becomes difficult to arrange a line of quotations that will closely represent actual selling values. Possibly 30c may be retained to represent a few special sales of creamery, but a great deal more of the stock is selling at 27c, just about as fine in condition and the latter rates are being offered for new State dairy, not much of which bores attractive. Prices for other class of supplies can only be determined when buyers and sellers manage to open negotiations."

Quotations on State stock in that market are as follows:

Creamery, fancy, 30c	30c
Creamery, prime, 28c	28c
Creamery, good, 25c	25c
Creamery, ordinary, 22c	22c
State half-drain tubs and pails, fancy, 27c	27c
State half-drain tubs and pails, choice, 25c	25c
State half-drain tubs, etc., fair to good, 23c	23c
State half-drain tubs, etc., ordinary, 21c	21c
State half-drain tubs, etc., poor, 19c	19c
State half-drain tubs, etc., very poor, 17c	17c
State half-drain tubs, etc., very, very poor, 15c	15c
State half-drain tubs, etc., very, very, very poor, 13c	13c
State half-drain tubs, etc., very, very, very, very poor, 11c	11c
State half-drain tubs, etc., very, very, very, very, very poor, 9c	9c
State half-drain tubs, etc., very, very, very, very, very, very poor, 7c	7c
State half-drain tubs, etc., very, very, very, very, very, very, very poor, 5c	5c
State half-drain tubs, etc., very, very, very, very, very, very, very, very poor, 3c	3c
State half-drain tubs, etc., very, very, very, very, very, very, very, very, very poor, 1c	1c
State half-drain tubs, etc., very, very, very, very, very, very, very, very, very, very poor, 0c	0c

Western stock is weak and lower on all grades. Quotations are as follows:

Western initiation creamery, choice, 30c	30c
Western do, good to prime, 28c	28c
Western do, ordinary to fair, 25c	25c
Western do, good, 22c	22c
Western do, ordinary, 20c	20c
Western do, poor, 18c	18c
Western do, very poor, 16c	16c
Western do, very, very poor, 14c	14c
Western do, very, very, very poor, 12c	12c
Western do, very, very, very, very poor, 10c	10c
Western do, very, very, very, very, very poor, 8c	8c
Western do, very, very, very, very, very, very poor, 6c	6c
Western do, very, very, very, very, very, very, very poor, 4c	4c
Western do, very, very, very, very, very, very, very, very poor, 2c	2c
Western do, very, very, very, very, very, very, very, very, very poor, 0c	0c

The exports of butter from American ports for the week ending March 7 were 143,463 lbs., against 135,874 lbs. the previous week, and 279,401 lbs. two weeks

previous. The exports for the corresponding week in 1884 were 285,127 lbs.

Cheese seems to have weakened a little in this market, and rules quiet and more in buyers' favor. For full cream State 13c is the highest



*[Faint handwritten notes, likely bleed-through from the reverse side.]*

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This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some minor discoloration and small dark spots, possibly due to age or handling. A horizontal crease is visible near the bottom edge of the page.



## Poetry

## THE ANALYST'S MISTAKE.

You weigh each motive and read the laws,  
For the baby's breath and the madman's freak;  
And seek of science the mighty cause  
For the blush on a maiden's cheek.

You sagely measure and count and spell,  
To learn of the secret soul of things;  
You break the heart of the catted shell,  
To learn of the song it sings.

With curious wonder and soulless smile,  
You prompt the coming of song or sob;  
With careful fingers note moon and tide,  
The pulse's quickened throbs.

What have you gained, though your searching eyes  
Detect in the gold its speck of dross;  
Or see the dullness that underlies  
The glamour, bloom and gloss?

What have you gained, though yours to know  
Each subtle motive and silent force?  
Though the smiles of joy or the tears of woe,  
You trace to their hidden source?

This, that never although with tears  
You seek and pray, will there ever come  
Back again to your barren years,  
The vanished joy and bloom.

Though you be wiser than other men,  
For your sad success you have only found  
That never for you life again,  
Will the hills be glory-crowned.

Never again in the fairest face,  
To see the beauty that lights and leads;  
Never again the unquestioned grace,  
Of high and holy deeds.

And you know when all is over and done,  
Disappointed and sorrow-crossed,  
That something better than you have won,  
Out of your life is lost.

—Charlotte Perry.

## WORK.

If some great angel spoke to me to-night  
In awful language of the unknown land,  
Bidding me choose from treasure infinite,  
From goodly gifts and glories in his hand,  
The thing I coveted, what would I take?  
Fame's wreath of bays? The sickle woman's esteem?

Nay, greenest bays may wave on brows that ache,  
And woman's applauding paean as a dream.  
Should I choose Love to fill my empty heart,  
With soft, strong sweetness, as in days of old?  
Nay, for Love's raptures have an after-smart,  
And on Love's rose the thorns are manifold.

Should I choose Life with long-succeeding years,  
Nay, earth's long life is longer time for tears.  
I would choose work, and never-failing power  
To work without weak hindrance by the way,  
With unrecurrent of the weary hour  
When tired, tyrant Nature holds its sway  
Over the busy brain and willing hand.  
Ah! if an angel came to me to-night,  
Speaking in language of the unknown land,  
So would I choose from treasure infinite,  
But well I know the blessed gifts I crave,  
The tireless strength for never-ending task,  
Is not for this life, but beyond the grave.  
It may be I shall find the thing I ask;  
For I believe there is a better land,  
Where will, and work and strength go hand in hand.

—All the Year Round.

## Miscellaneous.

## COUNTY-COURT.

(Continued from last week.)

Though more than ever convinced of the desirability of having a wife, Doctor Threipland had not yet been able to decide which lady of his acquaintance would most adorn the position that awaited her. His sister Mab, who often came to stay with him, had jessingly made out a list of the nicest girls they knew, and suggested that he should ask them in alphabetical order.

"I think I might do worse than begin with 'C,'" he had answered.

"Why, there is not a lady among them whose name begins with 'C'!"

"No, probably not."

And then Doctor Threipland had taken himself to task for the slip of the tongue, and for the slip of the mind that had given rise to it, and told himself that it would never do—that Miss Capel had neither rank, nor wealth, nor striking appearance, nor any of the brilliant social qualities that he desired in his wife. No; she was only a pure, true hearted, quiet little girl, who never would shine in society but would make home a heaven with her sweet womanly ways and who, if need were, would spend her life ungrudgingly for those she loved; besides, she was engaged.

He always fell back on County's supposed engagement as the one sure safeguard against a foolish love; but that did not prevent his heart giving a sudden leap of joy when he heard from Morris that she was free. If he saw her then, he knew he could not hide what he felt; and he hurried away that he might have time to mount guard over himself before they met again.

It was quite true however that he had visits to pay; and one of them was to a young lady who was down on Mab's list—the handsomest of them all in his opinion, and not the least attractive in other respects.

Doctor Threipland was a special favorite of Miss Mowbray's, and being an independent young lady in every sense of the term, she was at no pains to hide her preference. While she was very ill, his manner had been simply perfect in its gentleness; but, now that she was almost well, the laughing and jesting that he had begun for her amusement had given place to something akin to open flirtation.

But to-night he found the Doctor very distant. It was true he smiled blandly at her lively sallies. He said "Yes," "Well," and "H'm, h'm!" a dozen times during his visit; but she was too clever to be deceived by it, and knew he only did it mechanically from force of habit.

As Doctor Threipland was swinging along homeward, after visiting Miss Mowbray, he saw Miss Capel's neat little figure coming toward him. They often met in the street, but always passed each other with a bow and a smile. County was surprised therefore when the Doctor stopped this evening.

"The park gates will be open for another hour," he said, after shaking hands. "Will you come and have a turn with me? I have something to say to you," he added, when she hesitated.

The Doctor was surprised himself, for he knew now that all his prudence and self-control had gone, and that he was

about to do the very thing he had made up his mind must not do.

"I cannot draw back in honor now," he thought, trying to excuse himself and to look calm and cool, while every beat of his heart was flooding his handsome face with color.

County saw that he was agitated; but she had no suspicion of the cause or of what he was going to say. He led her in silence to a quiet walk where there was no one to observe them, and then he stopped abruptly and looked her full in the face.

"Perhaps he is going to tell me about Miss Mowbray," thought County, who often heard the Doctor's matrimonial prospects discussed by the friends of her pupils.

But when Doctor Threipland spoke, it was to ask her to be his wife. At first County was amazed; and then, oddly enough, she became indignant.

"Do you forget how you treated me once?" she demanded. "Do you forget how you refused to come to see my only brother, who might have been dying for anything you knew or cared? We were strangers in strange city, we were friends, and at the time we were almost penniless—good reasons all why I, a gentlemanman by birth and breeding, should be scorned and insulted by you—a gentleman."

Her eyes glittered, her voice trembled. She lived again through those bitter moments in the Doctor's surgery; she saw again the cold, hard face, heard again the icy tones, and again her hot heart throbbed with indignation past the passionate cry went up, "Oh! to humiliate that man as he has humiliated me this day!"

Doctor Threipland gazed at her in pain and wonder.

"I thought you had forgiven me long ago," he said.

"It was my own fault, there was nothing to forgive; and if there had been, your great kindness to Morris would have atoned," she answered, coming back to the present with a little gasp.

"Then why recall it now?"

"Because I must. It is not that I have not forgiven you, Doctor Threipland, but that I cannot love a man who could be so cruel to a woman!"

"There is no more to be said; we had better go back."

They left the park, and walked home in silence. County could not speak; and her heart was throbbing wildly, and all her ideas were in confusion.

"Will you not come in and see Morris?" she asked, when they reached her own door.

"I think not. Good-bye," he answered gravely and coldly. He raised his hat, and would have walked on; but she gave him her hot hand. "You are a little feverish this evening; take a cooling draught before you go to bed," he said in his professional manner. "Good-bye again."

County took no cooling draught; but she cried that night as if her heart would break. For Doctor Threipland there was no such relief. He felt as if a sharp knife had been suddenly plunged into his heart; he knew that, for all his seeming success, life had been a failure, because he had missed the one thing that would have crowned it with happiness. There rose before his mental eye a vision of bright days of youth, when he had dreamed dreams, not of ambition and mere worldly success, but of noble deeds to be done in a noble spirit, without thought of gain, of men and women, succored, of pain conquered, of science advanced, and above all, of a crown of life to be striven for and gained at last, when life's work was done.

"If I had been true to the high ideal of my boyhood, she could have loved me," he thought, in bitterness of soul.

Doctor Threipland went his daily rounds as usual, with little sign as might be of the wound he had received. The kind word and the pleasant look were always ready; but some of his patients thought he was graver than of old, and feared that he was overworking himself. Miss Mowbray's eyes sought his in vain; she fired off every shot and shell from her magazine of arts, without a single reply. The Doctor might as well have been brother for any flirtation she could draw him into now.

He came no more to Doubty Place, and the evenings seemed strangely long and dull to County where she found there was no hope of his dropping in as in the happy time that was gone forever; and sometimes she caught herself repeating—

"Deep as love,  
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret,  
Oh, death in life, the days that are no more!"

"I wonder why Threipland has not been here for so long?" Morris said to his sister one evening.

"Perhaps he is not well," she answered hypocritically. "You might go over and see him."

Morris went with alacrity. The Doctor received him warmly. They walked in the garden, where Miss Threipland joined them. She looked on Morris as an amusing boy, and was very kind to him; and Morris, whose heart always opened to kindness, talked as freely to her as if he had known her all his life. He told her all about County, and how she had been named "Countess" by a mistake of his father, who was very absent-minded, and when asked what the child was to be called, had answered, "The Countess"—that being how the country people designated the titled lady whose namesake she was to have been. And he told her what a devoted sister County had been to him, and how, when he got a poor situation in London, she refused to be separated from him, and had displeased wealthy relatives by leaving them and supporting herself by giving music lessons, so that they might remain together. Indeed, during the hour Morris stayed, there was very little of their family history that he had not confided to Miss Threipland in her brother's hearing.

"Come again soon," the Doctor said, when he was leaving; and then Morris remembered to ask him way they had not seen him in Doubty Place for so long.

"Oh, I am busy; come you and see me," he answered.

County was watching for Morris when he returned. She was very anxious to

hear about Doctor Threipland; but, except that he was quite well and had not been to see them because he was busy, her brother had nothing to tell her. He did not say much about Miss Threipland, either; and after that he was often at the Doctor's when County supposed him to be at the Conservative Club.

One day Miss Capel, going up the steps of a house to see one of her Sunday school children who was ill, met Doctor Threipland coming down. Her heart almost leaped into her mouth, and she wanted to turn and run away. She had not spoken to him since the evening on which she refused him—now more than a year back. She had often wished for an opportunity of saying something to soften her refusal; but now that the opportunity had at last presented itself, she had not courage to take advantage of it.

The Doctor came running down quickly, and was almost beside her before he saw her.

"What are you doing here?" he exclaimed abruptly. "Go back at once! Don't you know that the child up yonder has diphtheria?"

"But you go to see her."

"Yes; it is my duty; but it is not yours. I hear you have been there once already; you must not go again."

County looked rebellious. What right had he to dictate to her? And if she did take the disease, what did it matter? What did anything matter now that she never saw him? The thought came unbidden, and she put it away from her angrily.

"You really must not come here again," he said in a softer tone. "You might carry infection to your pupils even if you could escape the disease yourself."

"I will stay away if you think I ought," she answered submissively.

He accompanied her a little way down the street, and then left her with a kindly though gravely spoken good-bye. It was evident that he bore her, no resentment. She would have been better pleased if he had. Still it was something to have spoken to him once more.

About a week after that, County had gone a short distance by train to give a music lesson to a little girl. Just as they were about to begin, her pupil's mother came into the room.

"Oh, Miss Capel, can you tell me how Doctor Threipland is this morning?"

"Doctor Threipland?" repeated County; and her heart seemed to stand still.

"Did you not know he was ill? Have you not heard?"

"No; I have not heard nothing," she forced her white lips to utter.

"Living so near, I made sure you would know. He sucked the mucus, or what ever it is, out of a throat of a little girl who was dying of diphtheria, and he has been nearly dead since—it is supposed from blood poisoning. Such a horrid thing to do, wasn't it? Quite a poor child she is too—but her mother was in great distress about her, and it seems this was the only way to save her. I heard all about it from my charwoman. It will be very shocking if he loses his life by it, poor fellow—such a pleasant man as he is, and so clever!"

County never knew how she got through that music lesson. All the time her pupil was hammering over the scales and exercises she was saying to herself—"And this is the man I thought unworthy of my love!"

And when she had made her escape from the house and was in the train on her way home, she kept saying to herself that if he died, she would die too, for she could not live with the remorseful pain always aching at heart. And then she tried to pray for resignation, but always ended with the inward cry, "Oh, spare him, spare him!"

Morris had been away for a week, and was to be home that day; but she could not wait for him. She must know at once how Doctor Threipland was, and would go and make inquiries herself.

When she got out of the train, she walked rapidly till near the Doctor's house, and then her steps faltered. What if all was already over? What if she should find the blinds down? She walked on the other side of the way till nearly opposite to the surgery. She had hardly courage to look, so great was her dread. But when she did look, she saw that the blinds were up, the windows partly open, and nothing to mark that either illness or death was in the house. With a silent cry of thankfulness, she crossed the street, and her heart throbbing as if it would burst, rang the surgery bell.

She had hardly done so when she heard a light step come running down a flight of stairs, and immediately after a lady opened the door.

"Miss Capel, I know," she said; "you must excuse ceremony! Andrew saw you in the mirror as you crossed the street, and sent me to bring you in."

"Then he is better?"

"Oh, yes, he is better and able to be on the sofa in the drawing-room! But he is weak still, and must not be contradicted; so come in."

The relief was so great that County could hardly keep from sobbing as she followed Miss Threipland. The Doctor raised himself on his elbow when he heard her coming. His face was pale, and his eyes had a yearning expression in them.

Miss Threipland left County at the drawing-room door. Perhaps she suspected that they would be better without her, or possibly she had caught sight of Morris, who just then crossed the street exactly as his sister had done.

Doctor Threipland held out his hand to County.

"Well, you have come at last!" he said; and his tone told of past longing and present content, while his eyes seemed to devour her.

The next moment County was on her knees by the side of the sofa, with his hand in both hers, sobbing—

"Oh, Doctor Threipland, can you ever forgive me?"

"County—dear County, what does this mean?" he asked, passing his hand softly over her bowed head.

"It means that I was a horrid, spiteful little wretch, and that you are the best and noblest man in the world!" she cried.

"And to think of your endangering your life to save that child!"

"My dear girl, there was not much danger; it was only croup, and it did me no harm."

"They told me that it was diphtheria, and that you were dying of blood-poisoning!"

"How people love to exaggerate! It was croup the child had, as I tell you, and it had nothing to do with my illness. I was simply laid up from over-fatigue and cold."

"Well, I don't care; it is all the same," said County, but she released the Doctor's hand, and rose from her knees feeling rather foolish.

Doctor Threipland passed his fingers through his wavy hair, and eyed her half keenly, half comically.

"County, do you think you could love me now?" he asked.

"I loved you all the time—that is why I was so angry. If it had been my friend-ship I could have laughed as soon as we were friends at the abominable way in which you treated me."

"And you will promise never to throw it in my teeth that I wanted to County-Court you?"

"Wanted! I think you have done it," she answered, as he drew her down beside him. "I am sure I don't know what Morris will say; I promised never to leave him," she said after a while.

"Here he comes to speak for himself," answered the Doctor, as Morris and his sister came in together.

Miss Threipland went straight up to County and kissed her.

"My dear, as soon as Andrew sent me to you, I knew how it was between you; and, as I was afraid Morris might be lonely without you, I have promised to keep him company."

## John Ericsson's Destroyer.

The Senate Naval Committee has advised the purchase of Captain John Ericsson's Destroyer for \$120,000, with the privilege of buying also the patents relating to this vessel for \$100,000 more. Whatever conclusion may be reached as to providing ocean cruisers for attacking commerce, seaboard defense will require war ships of a different kind; and of the two sorts of naval construction, the latter is the more urgent. The Destroyer may or may not be the type of vessel needed for fighting hostile iron-clads; but at least its designer's reputation, his long connection with the navy, dating back to the old Princeton, whose novel machinery he constructed forty-four years ago, and his inestimable service to the country in producing the Monitor and her successors demand that his new system of seaport protection shall not be treated with neglect. In cruiser construction millions are appropriated on paper plans and specifications. Yet Ericsson not only pays for his experiments, but constructs a complete vessel at private cost, and offers her to the Government at a time when actual inspection and official trials will show whether she is worth the price.

The Ericsson system of harbor defense is that of carrying submarine artillery in small, cheaply constructed vessels. The gun fired under water is the central factor; the vessel is only the gun carriage. The Destroyer is 130 feet long, 17½ wide and 11 deep. Her bow is protected by heavy inclined armor plate, placed transversely, and backed by thick timbers. Within the iron hull an intermediate arched iron deck extends from stem to stern; under this is the powerful engine, and there also are the crew driving action. Under the iron deck and the inclined armor of the bow is a sixteen inch gun, thirty feet long; it carries a projectile twenty-five feet long, weighing 1,450 pounds, including an explosive charge of 300 pounds of gun cotton. This gun is near the bottom of the vessel, and its muzzle passes through an opening in the stem. A valve, opened and shut by steam power, covers this muzzle, and when it is raised the rushing water is checked by an inner valve which is strong enough to hold it, but is itself easily carried away by the tremendous projectile as it leaves the bore. An inner sea valve is sacrificed for each shot.

Undoubtedly the submarine gun is limited in range. It is discharged at a distance of 300 feet from the enemy's ship, and when the projectile strikes the ship its charge of gun cotton is exploded by a percussion firing pin. A spiral spring prevents this explosion from occurring on the initial and comparatively trivial percussion against the inner valve of this thick armor, within a range of 300 feet, and that a charge of 300 pounds of gun cotton, there delivered against the vulnerable parts of an ironclad, under water, will shatter the hull.

Thus far the opinion of naval officers has differed in regard to the Destroyer. Great hopes of it have been entertained by some while others have interposed objections. From the conflicting official opinions and reports of trials the Senate Naval Committee has collected sufficient testimony to recommend the purchase of the Destroyer. If this favorable action leads to a decision one way or the other on the Ericsson system, something will have been gained. An engineer eighty-two years old might well insist that the government should either take his work or else decide not to take it. In order that it may be disposed of elsewhere. Still, the question after all is not necessarily that of buying this particular vessel, inasmuch as Captain Ericsson has offered for \$100,000 to build a steel vessel like the iron Destroyer, a little larger in each dimension, with submarine gun and projectile complete, and to guarantee the stipulated performance of both vessel and gun by sureties who would be fully responsible in case of failure.

## A Deceived Woman.

Is the lady who uses cosmetics, face lotions, white lead, blanching, powders, arore, &c., in the belief of catching and beautifying the face. It is but temporary, and ultimate, it destroys the skin below the power of nature to restore. Stop it! Stop it now and use only Dr. Hart's Iron Tonic, which imparts the vigor and loveliness of youth.

## MRS. BARKER'S WOOD.

"No wood!"

Mrs. John Barker's eyes wandered in dismay around the unpromising looking wood yard. Two or three green logs lay there, against one of which an ax leaned in a cleft formed by a stove length being half chopped off. Her husband and hired help, consisting of a man and a boy, had just gone to work on a distant part of the farm, and she knew she should see neither of them before dark.

What should she do? Half impatiently she turned toward the house, and then with a thought of the pan of light dough waiting inside she began to gather some of the chips which lay around, only to fling them down again.

"It's no use. I can't bake bread with these. I know what I'll do."

She quickly washed the dinner dishes with the already cooling water, and then went to the stable, in which, with hands dextrous by practice in such work, had soon harnessed a horse to a light buggy.

"Mother and the girls will think I'm crazy," she said to herself, "but I can't help that. I swang an ax once and ached for a month to pay for it, so I'm not going to do it again."

She brought out her pan of bread, wrapped in a large cloth, and setting it in the bottom of the buggy, sprang in herself, and had soon driven the two miles which lay between her own house and her mother's. Arriving there she carried in her pan and set it down with a laugh.

"There, mother. I've come to bake my bread. John and the others went off without leaving me any wood, and I had to do it or let it spoil. Men will forget, you know."

She was not going to blame him to others, nor let them imagine how often since she had gone as a bride to John Barker's new house only last spring, she had had this same trouble about wood.

"That's right. Set it right down before the fire, Susan, so it'll get hot up before you knead it into loaves. Yes, they will; and if any man's to be excused for not keeping wood on his mind it's John Barker, if there's anything in blood and I say there is. His father was just so—a real forehanded man, good provider, and took proper pride in having things spick and span about him, but never seemed to think what a bother it was to the women folks not to have their wood handy. Many and many's the time I've dropped in to tea with John's mother and see her have the greatest time a scapin' up a few chips or shakin' the snow off sticks of miserable green wood."

John's wife turned her face as she took off her fingers for fear her friends would see in her face how nearly her own experience was already becoming like that of John's mother.

"I used to tell her," went on her mother, "that she ought to have trained him better when he was young. Now, like as not John takes a little bit under his father—nobody could wonder at it—and I wish father could haul you a load or two of his good seasoned wood, s'pose 't wouldn't do—eh Susan?"

"No, 't wouldn't do, mother; thank you all the same."

Twilight of the November day was shutting in when John Barker, returning to his house, missed the accustomed fire glow in the windows.

"What's up? no fire! no wife! no wonder!" he ejaculated as he went out and took a look at the wood yard.

After fifteen minutes' work with his ax he carried in an armful of wood and kindling, and had a bright fire snapping and crackling in the stove by the time his wife's cheerful voice was heard.

"I've had a real frolic, John," she said, tugging in a basket, from which she laid out several loaves of bread and a number of light puddings. "I couldn't find any wood, so I just hitched up old Bill and went over to mother's to bake my bread."

There was not the slightest shade of reproach in her tones, but John felt a tingle of mortification at what had occurred, and resolved that it should not happen again, and so he assured Susan with great fervor.

And the next day he went vigorously to work to keep his word. Logs, some freshly felled, others which had fallen through decay, were hauled from the place of timber land belonging to the farm, and for a week all hands sawed and chopped with a will. Then the results were flung pell mell into the wood shed, and John, who had never learned to look far enough ahead to think of providing seasoned wood from year to year, felt proud at having done his duty like a man.

And Susan as she worried through that winter with green wood or decayed, too short or too long for the stove, made up her mind (and she had a good deal of mind of her own to make up) that she would never worry through such another, remembering some sensible advice her mother had given her when she left home.

"Bear things, Susan. There's lots of things has to be borne in this world, and that that learns to bear 'em best's the best of all. Men will be trying, and if women can't be patient it's apt to cause trouble. But mind—when I say bear I mean there's reason in all things and I don't mean that you should bear things that's out of all reason. If a woman'll let herself be trod on, she's sure to be trod on, and them that does it'll never thank her for it. Bear what's reasonable, Susan, but if things go beyond reason, why then look out for yourself."

It came about that when the next October term of the Circuit Court was in session John was drawn on the jury and had to be away for two weeks.

"Why! what in the world's this, Susan?" he asked, staring into the woodshed when he got home the second Saturday.

"That's my winter's supply of wood," said Susan.

"And how in thunder did it get there—and in such good shape, too?" he gazed at it in astonishment.

It was in good shape. Row after row of well-seasoned, neatly sawed and split wood piled to the rafters, with a heap of pine and hemlock in kindling lengths in one corner.

"I had it put there," said Susan quietly.

Some more questions he asked, but with a little way she sometimes had of asserting herself, she gave him to understand she had nothing more to tell, and he was ashamed to ask anyone else.

The winter brought its usual round of simple gayeties in the country neighborhood, in which John and his wife took their full share.

"It seems to me, Susan," he said one evening on their return from a church social, "you don't fix up quite enough when you go out."

"Don't I look nice?"

"Yes, of course you do, but that's a dress you had when we were married and that's high on two years ago. I haven't seen anything of that silk I gave you last fall."

"Are you sure?" she said with a smile which he could not understand.

"Yes, I am. 'Taint been made yet, has it?"

"Yes, it is. And you've seen it worn."

John was puzzled and felt sure that he had not, but Susan would give him in further satisfaction on the subject of the silk dress.

As spring approached she made a few suggestions as to the advisability of fire wood being set to season in due time. But John, prompt and diligent in preparation for seed time and harvest, full of the best intentions regarding his wife's comfort, still thought the wood was one of the things which could be looked to any time, and Susan soon gave over reminding him of it.

One day in September he came home to dinner and found a cold lunch waiting him. The house was clean and quiet and cheerful; no wife was there, but a written line which ran:

DEAR JOHN—I am going to spend the day over at Mrs. Carter's. Will be home in time to give you a late supper.

He was glad to have her go, for she had had a busy summer and needed a little change. But there was a day out the next and the next week, and the next and the next, until he began to wonder at Susan's growing taste for gadding about. In early October he came home to find his wood yard which had still remained empty, occupied by half a dozen cords of first-class wood, with Sol Carter and two big boys busy at it, and they worked until it was stored up as he before in the shed. And John felt cross, but asked no questions.

"Where's Mrs. Barker?" said a small Carter boy to John one evening as he put up his bars.

"She's over to neighbor Grant's. You'll find her there if you want her."

"It isn't no matter. You can tell her here's the sewin' she's to do for mother, and mother wants to know if she can come and wash to our house to-morrow."

"The—old scratch she does!" exclaimed John, turning on the boy in blank amazement, which rapidly grew into anger. "Mrs. Barker here out to do washin' and sewin'? What d'ye mean by comin' to me with such a message, you young rascal!"

The astonished youngster dropped his sewing and applied his knuckles to his eyes as John advanced toward him, then ran with all his might as the bundle came whizzing after him. And Susan's lord and master strode in dignified wrath down the road to meet her.

"Susan—I don't understand this—there's been a young chap talkin' about sewin' and washin' for Mrs. Carter. What in all creation does it mean, I'd like to know."

"It's all right," said Susan, composedly. "What was the message?"

"Thunderation! You don't mean to say you sent wash and for other folks, do you?"

"Yes, I do."

"And for what? Is there anything you want, Susan, that I don't give you?"

"Yes, John, there is. I want wood. I can't saw and chop, but I can wash and sew and do anything else a woman ought to do, and there's no blame to me for changing work I can do for work I can't. I'm over, Susan spoke very firmly, but without a grain of irritation, "going to put up with poor, badly cut green wood again as long as I can turn my woman's work into man's work. I'd rather wash for somebody every week; it's half the comfort of a woman's life. You've never had to wait for your dinner with the wood sizzling in the stove and the fire not burning since I have been providing the wood."

John was dumbfounded.

"And you've been working for Sol Carter's wife these two years?" he said in intense disgust.

"No; my silk dress paid for last year's wood. I hated to let it go, John, because you gave it to me, but Tilda Carter took a fancy to it. It was she who saw workin' and Susan laughed at his grunt of dissatisfaction with the whole business."

"You to go lettin' me down this way before the Carters?" he growled. And if Mrs. John's eyes flashed a little who can blame her, as she answered:

"If there's any lettin' down to do it's your doin', not mine."

They finished their walk home in silence, and then John said:

"Susan, will you leave the wood business to me at'er this?"

"I will try you, John," she said.

## Cloth From Nettles.

Mr. Felix Fremery, a well known Prussian savant and inventor, is stopping in this city. He has a mission. It is to revolutionize the textile industry in the United States.

"I am a native of Aix-la-Chapelle," said Mr. Fremery, "and have devoted my life principally to the study of botany. I am not unknown in this country, since I took prize at the Centennial exposition for an oil to lubricate vegetable wools in course of preparation for the spinning process."

"You know the seersucker cloth so popular for summer wear in your country. How light and strong it is, and what a pretty material too. You know, I suppose, that it is made from the fibers of the Chinese nettle. The process is a very peculiar one. The Chinese until 1851 alone possessed the secret of freeing the fibers of the plant from the resinous gum holding them together. These fibers are

then, not spun, but cut into long, narrow strips, and glued together at the ends with a species of glue unknown to us. It is in all probability animal glue, mixed with a certain per cent. of hard wax. This process preserves the peculiar gloss of the fiber, which causes some people to mistake it for silk. If the cloth were spun it would lose its luster."

"In Rhode Island seersucker cloth is imitated in cotton. There is no doubt that it could be manufactured here in large quantities out of the fiber of the American nettle. The rami or rhea of China or India grows all through the southern States and portions of California. The material is known in England as China grass."

"A gentleman sent me from Altoona, Pa., a few years ago some cuttings of the American wild nettle. *Urtica pensilvanica* is its Latin name. It grows in great abundance all through the Allegheny mountains. I experimented with it, and became convinced that there was a cheap and common substitute for flax. I have a nursery garden of these cuttings now at Aix-la-Chapelle."

"In the course of my experiments I noticed that the thread produced from the fiber was similar to that of flax, but glossier and more like silk in appearance. It can be produced very cheaply, the plant being a perennial one—that is to say, it does not have to be replanted every year. These cuttings came to me ten or twelve years ago. I found that the fiber of the American nettle was finer and stronger than that of European growth—*Urtica dioica*."

"At this moment there are ten or twelve manufacturers in Germany where the fabric is prepared to be made into clothing, handkerchiefs, stockings, shirts, toweling, lace curtains, and many hundred species of textile articles. It competes with wool on account of its greater strength and cheapness."

"This material takes every fast color, just as wool does, and its introduction would not require any change to be made in machinery. These discoveries of mine are covered by several patents in the United States. Another use to which it may be applied is for sail-cloth, ropes, or cordage. There are numerous varieties of the wild nettle in this country. One of the commonest kinds in the south, where it grows side by side with the rami, is the *Baccharis arifolia*, of which there are more than 120 varieties."

An Hungarian named Neumann has at St. Nicholas, near Antwerp, a manufactory of this material. The daily production averages about 80,000 pounds. Neumann started another manufactory near Düsseldorf, in Rheinland Prussia, but had to fly the country on account of some trouble he got into with a government official. He was convicted of slander and sentenced to one year's imprisonment. But for this trouble he would be doing well, as the government had, up to this time, helped him by every means in its power, supplying him gratuitously with large quantities of nettles from East Prussia."

"Do you see this piece of red wool? Well, it doesn't happen to be wool at all, though anybody who didn't know it might be willing to swear it was. It is nettle fiber from a place I know near Newark, N. J. This piece of gray cloth you saw was made of the same stuff, as were these handkerchiefs, and these stockings, too. They are almost indestructible. I wore a pair of trousers made of the cloth several years; wore them at work in my garden, but they seem practically indestructible, and have been washed a dozen times. Most of these articles were manufactured for me at Passaic, N. J. The gray cloth came from the Germania mills in Holyoke. This cheviot cloth can be washed twenty times without injuring the material. It would be splendid for workmen's clothes."

"Though possessing so great a power of resistance to the action of water, a list can be manufactured of American nettle fiber superior to the best cotton as an absorbent. See, I drop this piece of nettle grass flat in this tumbler of water. In an instant it has become saturated with the fluid and sinks to the bottom."

"These nettles grow in prodigious quantity all through the Jersey swamps. This year the yield on my place near Newark was 20 to 25 per cent. of pure fiber from this dried stock. The nettles must be cut about the end of September, when the sap begins to ripen in accordance with the laws of your climate here. Of course, as one goes further south the nettle will ripen earlier. There is no market for the American nettle fiber, but it could be made a profitable article of export."—Philadelphia Press.

## Sympathy Came Too Late.

The suicide of a young lady school teacher at Emporia, Kas., has brought to light a sad story. Miss Mary Larick, the teacher, was a stranger in the community. She was not very social, was morbidly sensitive, and dressed shabbily. Her neighbors began to criticize and find fault. The complaints caused the Superintendent of schools to notify the objectionable teacher that her resignation would be accepted. Miss Larick bowed to the inevitable and kindly said in her letter of resignation that if she failed to give satisfaction the fault must be her own. The next day she took morphine and died, leaving a letter containing minute directions regarding the disposition of her effects. After her death it became known that she had been not only supporting herself, but that she was educating a younger brother at an eastern college. Little by little it came out that the poor woman had practiced the most heroic self-denial. During all the cold weather she had never had a fire in her room, and her bed was without blanket or sufficient covering. When the people of Emporia found out these facts they began to dimly understand why the discharged teacher broke down in the midst of her misfortune and put an end to her pain, anguish and wretchedness. The dead woman's funeral was the occasion of considerable display, and the church was packed with people. But public sympathy came too late. After life's struggle, she was sacrificed daughter and sister sleeps well.

## THE WOOLING 'O' IT.

Och, Kittle, I love ye, an' faith I can't  
Get this wooling 'o' it, ye see, ye see, ye see,  
With a smile that's so roguish—the salt  
And I find it.

That if I am ravin' the fault is wid you.  
Ye chide me an' frown, yet meself it is I  
More angry ye'd be wid me I to go  
Sure, Kittle, my heart like a stone would be  
In't.

Mr I thought that wid more than your lip  
Said so.

Then out on ye' foolin', me darlin', nor tair  
But end this asplines if you value my life  
In so far there is minny another could pla  
An' make, like yerself, me a true, lovin' w  
Don't dash wid yer two eyes, I didn't quite  
no.

Throug the truth 'tis the same, an' the div  
no.

This come to me arrams—och, meel I  
no.

Me socks are all out at the heel, an' I  
fallin'.

Wid grandin' an' moanin'—begob it's a sh  
From merrin' till night the awate cray  
wallin'.

And no one to carry his shawl to the pin.  
This come to me shanty, I beg of ye, Kittle  
Say ye an' wid joy I'll be dancin' a jig;  
If not for meself in yer heart ye take pity,  
Och, Kittle, remember the words of me pig  
—Chas. H. Turner.

## Running a Train by Night.

"Oh! yes, engineers do lose their nerve," said old Throttle, "especially who has a night run all the time. See in the night time an engineer's thoughts and all are confined to a small space; it's nearly or quite dark side the cab, and if the engine is worn all right, carryin' her water, good lot steam, and the fireman wide awake lively, that engineer don't have much to do with his eyes, only to look out over the little space made bright by headlight, and his thoughts are naturally confined to what his eyes take in. The daytime it's different, he can look around and see lots of things going on. He notices that this field of 'taters looks good and wonders if his little patch at the mill will turn out as well; he sees a fellow in' and remembers the last mess of t'at he caught in the Shohola; he sees a woman and children in the little w'house near the big curve, and his thoughts fly back to his home and his children, he wonders what they are doin' just now. All this he can take in, and be tendin' business strictly; but in the night time it is changed, and his visions and thoughts as I said, are confined to the small space made visible and distinct by the headlight, and his ideas naturally follow the rails. He remembers that the w' just ahead is the very spot that was w' ed out last spring, and nothing left der the ties and rails for ten or fifteen feet; true, his engine jumped the ch' and only five cars loaded with exp' mather and baggage went down and smashed and piled on top of each o'ther; but it might have been the ten car emigrants that were coupled in the r' and it isn't pleasant to think of w' might have been. Just around the c' is the place where his engine struck draw head some careless brakeman left lying on the track, his engine turned over on her side, and fortunat' the air brakes had so stopped the t' that no further damage was done, but shudders as he recalls the sensations experienced while the engine was tum' over and crushing its m'ad v' through the ties, and 'tisn't pleasant to think of. He flies over a huge embankment at a pace of forty miles an h' and thinks of the feelings that were his a certain trip last winter when a side came crashing through the side of cab, while passing over this same embankment. In the cut just ahead is where, the last trip, a watchman, intent watching a train on the opposite track had forgotten that the express was on, and the horror and agony depicted on face as the pilot threw him high in air will never be forgotten, neither the mangled and stained body picked up and cared for as soon as the train could be stopped. And so on over nearly every mile of the road something of this kind is brought to mind, as his thoughts follow the circle of light ahead, which flashes and changes constantly, now shining a bridge, now showing an embankment, flashing its ray now on a house and a through trees and foliage, and if the r' is easily worried or bothered he gets nervous, indeed, and wishes he was the end of his trip—anywhere off the r'.

Why, I've known men to give up the trains on the road and give pay bec' they had to run in the night time, take trains that were much harder to and poorer pay simply because the la run in daylight. Yes, engineers do sometimes get frightened and lose nerve, it is not to be wondered at when we think of his standing one hand on the thro' and the other on the reverse lever, w' his thoughts going back to







(Continued from first page.)

Sweepstakes 6230 was bred by A. Renick of Kentucky, was by Airdrie 2478, out of Cordelia by Dandy Duke 2691, 3d dam by Pilot 317, 8d dam by Buena Vista 290 (all bred by A. Renick), 7th dam Rose of Sharon (bred by T. Bates, England) got by Belvedere (1700), bred by Mr. Stephenson, England. Sweepstakes, as well as prize money, was finely bred, as a prize winner, in four years taking \$1,940 in premiums, and first always in his class when shown, notably at Bourbon Co. Ky., fair, getting first as a first at two year old at Missouri State fair in 1886, and sweepstakes against all ages same time; and three sweepstakes and three in two year old rings in Illinois county fairs. It is useless to give a list of all his triumphs, for he was purchased and kept as a show bull. With such an ancestry it was no wonder that Duke Third made so much improvement for Mr. Fitch, for he was an animal of great individual merit. He was used three years, the next one being Sir Henry 40945, bred by 7th Duke of Oakland 18866, bred by Curtis & Sons of Hillsdale, Sir Henry's dam being Sallie Belle 2d (vol. 11), by Selim 10065, and tracing to imp. Strawberry Thorpe (2575). In 1880 he bought Wm. & Alex. McPherson of Howell, Mazurka Prince 36243, as a yearling; he was by Treble Mazurka 26045, out of Princess 1st by General Grant 23236, etc., running to imp. Strawberry by Wiseman 3267, and was used two years. In April, 1882, the red bull 12th Duke of Kenton 4388, was purchased as a yearling from his breeder, J. C. Stevens of Kenton, Ohio. He was got by 2d Duke of Kenton 35132, out of Lulu of Turkey Run by Hero of Turkey Run 14475, 6th dam imp. Red Rose by Ernest 10017, etc. He is a handsome red in color, will weigh about 2,350 lbs., is of good length, low down, good quarters, back and loin, straight lines, clean head, full crops, and well ribbed, and has proved a fine stock getter. The four young bulls are all sired by 12th Duke. The 6th Duke of Kent is red, was calved Dec., 1883, with Lady Watkins for dam; the 7th Duke of Kent is red, was calved April, 1884, dam Nellie, etc.; the 8th Duke of Kent was calved April, 1884, had Jessie for dam; and the 9th Duke of Kent was calved July, 1884, with Blue Belle, tracing to Sallie Belle 2d, for dam. In the females first in line to notice is Red Betsy, eight years old, by Duke 3rd out of Beauty by Red Cloud 10728 out of old Rose, Lady Jane 2d, red and white; calved June, 1880, and got by Star 41629; Fashion, red, calved June, 1880, got by Earl of Winfield 23555 (bred by Curtis & Sons) out of Beauty; Jessie, red, calved April, 1880, by Sir Henry 40945, out of Lillie by Duke 3d; Rosa was calved April, 1881, got by Mazurka Prince 36243, out of Sallie by Duke 3d; Florence, red and white, calved March, 1881, got by Mazurka Prince 36243, out of Linda by Duke 3d. The red twins, Blue Belle and Bonnie Belle, were calved March, 1881, got by Star 41630, out of Sallie Belle 2d by Selim, 10065; Katurah is a light roan, calved June, 1883, by Mazurka Prince 36243 out of Lady Jane by Duke 3d; Tuna, red, calved Sept., 1881, got by Mazurka Prince out of Cherry by Ralph 40491; Julia is also a light roan, was got by Mazurka Prince out of Lady Watkins by Northern Light 20498 (bred by Curtis & Sons); Nelly, roan, was calved June, 1881, got by Mazurka Prince out of Laura by Duke 3d; Maggie, roan, calved in May, 1882, got by Mazurka Prince out of Daisy by Ralph 40491; Alletta, red and white, calved May, 1882, by Mazurka Prince out of Laura. Of the produce of 1883 there are six heifers, all but one sired by Mazurka Prince 36243 and of 1884 four heifers by 12th Duke of Kenton 4388. The females in the herd are now all in calf to same bull, whose breeding is given above. It is expected that this sale will attract a large number of buyers, especially from the western part of the State, where the merits of the herd are well known and appreciated.

ON THE WING.

Michigan Crop Report, March 1, 1885.

For this report returns have been received from 839 correspondents, representing 640 townships. Five hundred and sixty-two of these returns are from 410 townships in the southern four tiers of counties. The temperature during February has ranged very low. At Lansing the average was 10.49 deg. F.—the highest on the 28th, 45 deg. F., and the lowest on the 10th, 22 deg. below zero. At fourteen observations at 9 A. M., three at 2 P. M., and seven at 7 A. M., the temperature was below zero. The average temperature for the first ten days of March was 25 deg. F., and the maximum (on the 3d and 9th) 38 deg. F. The wheat fields are yet well covered with snow. In answer to the question "Has wheat during February suffered injury from any cause?" 17 correspondents in the southern four tiers of counties answer yes and 538 no. Reports have been received of the quantity of wheat marketed by farmers during the month of February at 203 elevators and mills. Of these 178 are in the southern four tiers of counties, which is thirty-seven per cent of the whole number of elevators and mills in these counties. The total number of bushels reported marketed is 424,884 of which 139,563 bushels were marketed in the first or southern tier of counties; 125,635 bushels in the second tier; 80,544 bushels in the third tier; 52,329 bushels in the fourth tier; and 35,313 bushels in the counties north of the southern four tiers. At 33 elevators and mills, or 16 per cent of the whole number from which reports have been received, there was no wheat marketed during the month. The total number of bushels reported marketed in the seven months, August—February, is 6,628,933. Reports from a number of sections of the State where fruit-growing is largely followed, give about the same idea of the condition and prospects as did the returns published in the Farmer two weeks ago. The reports were also from the same localities.

There are 187,000 feet of lumber on the Muskegon docks.

Sandy Soils—Form of the Michigan Farmer.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer. Among the other methods given of treating sandy soils, I send mind: Sandy soils having a clay subsoil, if possible, be plowed deep enough to mix some of the clay with the sand. If the subsoil is sand, too deep plowing should be avoided. The object is to make the soil heavier, more compact and firm, and everything tending to make it light or keep it loose should be avoided. In bringing up sandy soils, I sow buckwheat as early in the spring as possible. When this is in bloom, I plow it under, and again sow buckwheat; when this is well in blossom, I again plow, thoroughly prepare the ground, seed heavily to clover, then sow to buckwheat. The buckwheat comes up nicely, shades the young clover, is killed by the frost and makes a fine mulch for the young clover. If I could, I would sow early in the fall, plow this under and proceed as above. Of course during the season I would use all the manure possible, and thoroughly work it into the soil each time it is plowed. Any one treating soils in this way will be sure to get a crop of clover. If you fail, try it the next season the same way. One must not expect to bring up worn out sandy soils, and raise a crop at the same time. I have a suggestion for the Editor: Change the form of the Michigan Farmer, so the shape of the "Household" Supplement, so we can bind and preserve them. I hold that things of value should be preserved. Yours truly, FARMER JOHN.

A SALE OF HOLSTEIN CATTLE.

The sale of Holstein cattle by Messrs. Underwood & Washburn, on March 4th, at Jackson, was called promptly on time as advertised. Mr. J. A. Mann acting as auctioneer. There was a fair crowd in attendance, but after the first animal was disposed of it became quite evident to those posted in the matter that the crowd did not know the value of Holstein cattle, or they were short of funds. Eight animals only were sold before dinner, and these when led into the ring were each started at about the price of ordinary grade cattle. Mr. Mann labored faithfully to infuse some life into the bidders, but without avail, and thinking that they might feel better after enjoying a square meal, adjourned the sale until one o'clock. It did not have the desired effect, and after four more animals had been disposed of, Mr. Underwood announced that he and Mr. Washburn had decided to withdraw the balance of the herd. He said they were sorry to do this, but they could not sacrifice the cattle at the prices they were selling at. Of the cattle sold, all but two went to Michigan men. Mr. Crowell, of Peoria, Ill., securing three from two. He was the only buyer from outside the State and got bargains. Below we give the names and residences of the buyers:

**BULLS.**  
Harley—Jas. McLaren, Chelsea, \$100.  
Duke of Somerset—Silas Beebe, Orion, \$170.  
Saint Patrick—G. W. Marsh, Hollet, \$105.  
Dime—J. J. Waite, Litchfield, \$85.  
**COWS.**  
Checkmate—C. L. Crowell, Peoria, Ill., \$185.  
Great Yarrow—Gaylord, Plainfield, \$190.  
Emma—Jas. Berry, Somerset, \$100.  
Colina—Silas Beebe, Orion, \$135.  
Lella—A. L. Fort, Stockbridge, \$215.  
Benita—C. L. Crowell, Peoria, Ill., \$190.  
Helfer Call—J. J. Waite, Litchfield, \$95.

The Brittish Grain Trade.

The Mark Lane Express, in its review of the British grain trade for the past week says: "The weather for the past week has been fine, which was of great value to growing crops. Sale of English wheat for the week amount to 1,716 quarters at 31s 4d against 59,999 quarters at 37s 7d the corresponding week last year. Foreign trade was ruled weekly by the policy of the market. The trade was confined to one cargo of Australian wheat which sold at 35s 9d. One cargo of American wheat was offered at 35s 6d and then withdrawn. The market was quiet and business done. Prices were unchanged. Flour was quiet. Maize was 3d dearer. Barley was quiet. Oats were 3d to 6d dearer. Beans and peas were unchanged."

The Peach Crop.

Judge J. G. Ramsdell, of Traverse City, sends the following in regard to the peach crop in the fruit belt: "The peach crop in Michigan will be very light. We may expect a small crop of the hardest kinds from the higher grounds bordering on Lake Michigan, from Glenn Arbor, Leelanau County, south as far as St. Ignace, but the interior, even on high ground, the crop in my opinion will be a total failure. With me the thermometer has reached 22 degs. below, the crop is destroyed, and last year's growth of wood more or less damaged."

Lameness in the Foot.

Grand Blanc, March 7, 1885.  
Veterinary Editor Michigan Farmer.  
DEAR SIR—I have a horse six years old named "Lam," who has been lame for some time. I had his foot examined by a blacksmith, who pronounced it a corn; he did not get any better and I had his foot examined again, but did not find any corn. Had his shoes pulled off and let him lie idle, but this did not improve him any. Then had a horse doctor look at it, who said it was inflammation in the heel, and gave some medicine to apply once in three days. It does not improve. I can not find anything wrong about his foot, but when I press on top of his heel, or on the back part of the frog, he will flinch; when he has been driven he will stand only with his toe on the ground. Last fall he was kept about a long time without a change of shoes, or until his shoes were worn very thin. If I have described this so that you understand it and can give me anything that will help him it will be a favor to me.  
C. CLARK.

Answer—Your description of the symp-

tom will not enable us to determine the character of the lameness. You have no doubt located the seat of disease correctly. If the bones of the foot are diseased the chances are that your horse is incurably lame. If from strain of the tendon, or of long standing, the chances of cure are but little better. If confined to the lateral cartilage of the foot, it is but a matter of time until the horse recovers from lameness. Apply the following: Biniodine of mercury, one part; cosmo-line, eight parts; mix well together. Apply to the part well rubbed in. Tie up the head three or four hours. Three days after the blister draw with iodine.

Spinitis.

Zelandia, Mich., March 7th, 1885.  
Veterinary Editor Michigan Farmer.

I owned a team of horses one a black the other a sorrel. After they had been in the barn for two weeks, well fed on oats and hay, and tolerably fleshy, I started out with them to town, three miles distant, it being quite a cold day. When I started out the horses were well and quite lively. The first mile seemed to tire them on account of deep snow in the road, but coming in town both my horses got lame in right hind leg. Driving on a little further the black dropped down in the road, and it took me an hour to get him up. Neither of them showed signs of sickness, only lameness in back and hind legs. I called in the best surgeon of the vicinity. He gave salicylate to physic them, and prepared medicine to rub on the back. The black died after four hours' suffering. The sorrel lived two days and was then able to stand a little while. In about a week she was strong enough to walk back home, and is steadily getting better. Can you give a remedy for this? The sorrel is now able to return; the surgeon thought, if possible, give a recipe to prevent its return. Will it be safe to get the mare with foal? Please answer through the Farmer.  
A. FRIEND.

At the Michigan Central Yards.

The following were the receipts at these yards numbered 913 head, against 601 last week. The market opened up with an active demand for all classes of stock, and there was no let up until the yards were cleared. Prices averaged fully as strong as last week, and were very firm at the close. The following were the closing quotations:

Extra graded steers, weighing 1,300 to 1,450 lbs.	50	50
Choice steers, fine, fat and well formed, weighing 1,200 to 1,300 lbs.	50	50
Good steers, well fattened, weighing 1,100 to 1,200 lbs.	45	45
Good mixed butchers' stock, weighing 1,000 to 1,100 lbs.	45	45
Good heifers and light steers, weighing 900 to 1,000 lbs.	45	45
Light cows, heifers, stages and bulls.	35	35
Wool sold Shields 3 feeders at 94 lbs at \$12 1/2, and one weighing 940 lbs at \$12 1/2.		
Wool sold Shields 1 feeder at 97 lbs at \$12 1/2, and one weighing 940 lbs at \$12 1/2.		
Wool sold Shields 2 feeders at 97 lbs at \$12 1/2, and one weighing 940 lbs at \$12 1/2.		
Wool sold Shields 3 feeders at 97 lbs at \$12 1/2, and one weighing 940 lbs at \$12 1/2.		
Wool sold Shields 4 feeders at 97 lbs at \$12 1/2, and one weighing 940 lbs at \$12 1/2.		
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Wool sold Shields 65 feeders at 97 lbs at \$12 1/2, and one weighing 940 lbs at \$12 1/2.		
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Wool sold Shields 67 feeders at 97 lbs at \$12 1/2, and one weighing 940 lbs at \$12 1/2.		
Wool sold Shields 68 feeders at 97 lbs at \$12 1/2, and one weighing 940 lbs at \$12 1/2.		
Wool sold Shields 69 feeders at 97 lbs at \$12 1/2, and one weighing 940 lbs at \$12 1/2.		
Wool sold Shields 70 feeders at 97 lbs at \$12 1/2, and one weighing 940 lbs at \$12 1/2.		
Wool sold Shields 71 feeders at 97 lbs at \$12 1/2, and one weighing 940 lbs at \$12 1/2.		
Wool sold Shields 72 feeders at 97 lbs at \$12 1/2, and one weighing 940 lbs at \$12 1/2.		
Wool sold Shields 73 feeders at 97 lbs at \$12 1/2, and one weighing 940 lbs at \$12 1/2.		
Wool sold Shields 74 feeders at 97 lbs at \$12 1/2, and one weighing 940 lbs at \$12 1/2.		
Wool sold Shields 75 feeders at 97 lbs at \$12 1/2, and one weighing 940 lbs at \$12 1/2.		
Wool sold Shields 76 feeders at 97 lbs at \$12 1/2, and one weighing 940 lbs at \$12 1/2.		
Wool sold Shields 77 feeders at 97 lbs at \$12 1/2, and one weighing 940 lbs at \$12 1/2.		
Wool sold Shields 78 feeders at 97 lbs at \$12 1/2, and one weighing 940 lbs at \$12 1/2.		
Wool sold Shields 79 feeders at 97 lbs at \$12 1/2, and one weighing 940 lbs at \$12 1/2.		
Wool sold Shields 80 feeders at 97 lbs at \$12 1/2, and one weighing 940 lbs at \$12 1/2.		
Wool sold Shields 81 feeders at 97 lbs at \$12 1/2, and one weighing 940 lbs at \$12 1/2.		
Wool sold Shields 82 feeders at 97 lbs at \$12 1/2, and one weighing 940 lbs at \$12 1/2.		
Wool sold Shields 83 feeders at 97 lbs at \$12 1/2, and one weighing 940 lbs at \$12 1/2.		
Wool sold Shields 84 feeders at 97 lbs at \$12 1/2, and one weighing 940 lbs at \$12 1/2.		
Wool sold Shields 85 feeders at 97 lbs at \$12 1/2, and one weighing 940 lbs at \$12 1/2.		
Wool sold Shields 86 feeders at 97 lbs at \$12 1/2, and one weighing 940 lbs at \$12 1/2.		
Wool sold Shields 87 feeders at 97 lbs at \$12 1/2, and one weighing 940 lbs at \$12 1/2.		
Wool sold Shields 88 feeders at 97 lbs at \$12 1/2, and one weighing 940 lbs at \$12 1/2.		
Wool sold Shields 89 feeders at 97 lbs at \$12 1/2, and one weighing 940 lbs at \$12 1/2.		
Wool sold Shields 90 feeders at 97 lbs at \$12 1/2, and one weighing 940 lbs at \$12 1/2.		
Wool sold Shields 91 feeders at 97 lbs at \$12 1/2, and one weighing 940 lbs at \$12 1/2.		
Wool sold Shields 92 feeders at 97 lbs at \$12 1/2, and one weighing 940 lbs at \$12 1/2.		
Wool sold Shields 93 feeders at 97 lbs at \$12 1/2, and one weighing 940 lbs at \$12 1/2.		
Wool sold Shields 94 feeders at 97 lbs at \$12 1/2, and one weighing 940 lbs at \$12 1/2.		
Wool sold Shields 95 feeders at 97 lbs at \$12 1/2, and one weighing 940 lbs at \$12 1/2.		
Wool sold Shields 96 feeders at 97 lbs at \$12 1/2, and one weighing 940 lbs at \$12 1/2.		
Wool sold Shields 97 feeders at 97 lbs at \$12 1/2, and one weighing 940 lbs at \$12 1/2.		
Wool sold Shields 98 feeders at 97 lbs at \$12 1/2, and one weighing 940 lbs at \$12 1/2.		
Wool sold Shields 99 feeders at 97 lbs at \$12 1/2, and one weighing 940 lbs at \$12 1/2.		
Wool sold Shields 100 feeders at 97 lbs at \$12 1/2, and one weighing 940 lbs at \$12 1/2.		

At the Michigan Central Yards.

The following were the receipts at these yards numbered 913 head, against 601 last week. The market opened up with an active demand for all classes of stock, and there was no let up until the yards were cleared. Prices averaged fully as strong as last week, and were very firm at the close. The following were the closing quotations:

and water. Give good nourishing food and turn the animal over two or three times a day.

# COMMERCIAL

## DETROIT WHOLESALE MARKET.

DETROIT, March 17, 1885.

**Flour.**—Receipts for the past week, 3,107 bbls for against 3,344 the previous week, and 1,184 bbls for against 3,394 the week last year. Shipments, 1,670 bbls. The flour market is very dull, and the movement of stock very light for the season. Purchasers take only small lots, and shipments are very limited. The city trade is of fair proportions. Prices are unchanged. Quotations yesterday were as follows:

Michigan white wheat, choice	\$3	25	\$4	50
Michigan white wheat, roller process	4	25	4	50
Michigan white wheat, patents	5	00	5	25
Minnesota white wheat, patents	5	00	5	25
Minnesota, patents	5	75	5	00
Rye	34	50	34	50

**Wheat.**—The market yesterday opened fairly active, and at first advanced from closing point on Saturday. Later a weaker feeling prevailed and a decline followed that left prices below those